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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Impressions of America during the Years 1833, 4, and 5. By Tyrone Power, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1836. Bentley.

Our bell had just rung to draw up the curtain for the appearance of this No. of the *Literary Gazette*, when in there entered *Ipsé* himself, Teddy the Tiler, or rather the Irish Ambassador, returned from his successful mission to the United States. This apparition has caused us hastily to alter our performance, for the sake of introducing the new *debutant* to the public. The public will find him light and lively, but sterling withal; displaying much talent, and, what is, perhaps, better, much good feeling: just and grateful towards America, without ceasing to remember the honours due to his native land. His travel, far and wide; his means of observation ample, and the use he has made of them, agreeable and entertaining. But, hurried and pressed for time as we are, we can only let him (for this night only) say a few words for himself.

"*Dedication to the British Public.*—Most persons have a patron, from whose power and influence they have derived support, and of whose favour they feel proud. I cannot claim to be of the few who are above this adventitious sort of aid, self-raised and self-sustained; on the contrary, I have a patron, the only one I ever sought, but whose favour has well repaid my pains of solicitation. The patron I allude to is yourself, my public, much courted, much abused, and commonly accused of either being coldly neglectful or capriciously forgetful of all sorts of merit. To me, at least, you have proved most kind, and hitherto most constant. As an actor, when managers have appeared indifferent, or critics unkind, and my hopes have sunk within me, I have turned to your cheering plaudits, and found in them support for the present and encouragement for the future. As an author, this appeal is founded solely upon my desire, not only to amuse, but to make you better acquainted with an important part and parcel of yourself, to which, although widely sundered, you are naturally and morally allied, and of which, as emanating from yourself, and in no way degenerate, you ought to feel very proud. If happily I succeed in effecting this—if I dissipate one common error, eradicate one vulgar prejudice, or kindle one kindly feeling between you and the people of whom I write, I shall feel that, by so doing, I have at length made you some return for the high favour with which you have repaid my efforts to please you. In presenting this offering to you, I am aware, at this the ninth hour, that it abounds in errors; and I would furnish a copious list of errata from each sheet, if I thought you would find patience to compare them. But you also know how my time has

been employed since my return to you. Whilst you have nightly laughed with me at the play-house, I have nightly had the devil* waiting for a contribution at home, and he is an importunate and insatiable. To soothe him, I have worked whilst you have slept. I do not tell this to deprecate the censure my crude publication merits, but only to excuse the impertinence of dedicating it to you. Nevertheless, being the best commodity I have to lay at your feet, I beg you to accept it, with the very sincere declaration that I am, my only Patron and gentle Public, your devoted, humble servant,

"TYRONE POWER.
"Bolton Street, May Fair, Dec. 23d, 1835."

"*Preface.*—Although I have hitherto forborne all preface or dedication on exhibiting my small ware to the public, concluding that the less I said about the matter the better; and, from having some scruples about tacking any lady's or gentleman's name to bantlings from which I had withheld my own; yet, in the present case, do I consider myself bound, in a like spirit of honesty, to provide this book with a few words descriptive of its quality, lest my readers, being disappointed, may charge me with having deluded them under false 'impressions.' I seek, then, to describe America as I saw it—a mighty country, in the enjoyment of youth and health, and possessing ample room and time for the growth, which a few escapades incident to inexperience and high blood may retard, but cannot prevent. Heaven has written its destinies in the gigantic dimensions allotted to it, and it is not in the power of earth to change the record. I seek to describe its people as I saw them—clear-headed, energetic, frank, and hospitable; a community suited to, and labouring for, their country's advancement, rather than for their own present comfort. This is and will be their lot for probably another generation. To those, then, who seek scandalous innuendos against, or imaginary conversations with, the fair, the brave, and the wise, amongst the daughters and sons of America, I say, Read not at all; since herein, though something of mankind, there is little of any man, woman, or child, of the thousands with whom I have reciprocated hospitality and held kind communion. On the other hand, it can be objected that I set out by giving evidences of a partiality which may cause my judgment to be questioned. Frankly do I avow this fault, and in my justification have but to add, that the person who, for two years, could be in constant intercourse with a people, to the increase of his fortune, the improvement of his health, and the enlargement of all that is good in his mind, yet feel no partiality in their favour, I pity for coldness more than envy for philosophy. But whilst I am by nature incapable of repaying kindness by aspersion, I feel that I am no less above the meanness of attempting a return in that base coin—flattery; that which I saw I say, and as I saw it. I blame none of my predecessors for their general views, but claim the

* i. e. Printer's devil.

right of differing from them wherever I think fit; and if my account of things most on the surface even, should sometimes appear opposite to theirs, I would not, by this, desire to impeach their veracity, since the changes working in society are as rapid, though not quite so apparent, as those operating on the face of these vast countries, whose probable destinies do in truth render almost ridiculous the opinions and speculations of even the sagest of the pygmies that have hustled over their varied surface."

Extracts by way of sample:—

Arrival at Philadelphia.—"We drove to Mr. Head's hotel, the Mansion House, where we were welcomed by the worthy host in person; although he had not bed-rooms for us that night, for we were three in company. We were, however, soon furnished with a most excellent supper; and after, two of us got, not 'three chairs and a bolster,' but a couple of camp bedsteads with good mattresses, and sheets white as snow. Our senior companion, Mr. P——, was provided with a bed-chamber; and what could the heart of weary traveller wish for more? On the morrow I also was installed in a capital chamber; and if those incarnate demons the mosquitoes would have made peace with me, I should have scorned comparisons with the Nabob of the Carnatic. But, oh! immortal gods! how they did hum and bom, and bite and buzz! and how I did fume, and slap, and snatch, and swear, partly in fear, and partly through sheer vexation of spirit, at having no means of vengeance against a foe whose audacity was open and outrageous, whose trumpets were for ever sounding a charge, yet who were withal as impassable as Etna! I would rather hear the roar of lions about my resting-place than the vicious hum of these infernal wee beasts; and I may be allowed to decide, having listened to both: the latter never failed to keep me wakeful through fair fright; but, when well worn with fatigue, after a shiver and a start or two, I have slept sound, in safe company, although the crunch and roar of the nobler *varmint* sounded near enough to make our terrified horses press to the watch-fire with breathings thick and loud—a neighbourhood any thing but agreeable, but, I swear, infinitely preferable to an incursion of hungry mosquitoes."

"Here are two colonies yet existing within this State [Pennsylvania]—samples of both, indeed, may be found within a few miles of Philadelphia—and these constitute with me a never-failing source of interest and amusement. They are composed of Dutch and Irish, often located on adjoining townships, but keeping their borders as clearly defined as though the wall of China were drawn between them. No two bodies exist in nature more repellent; neither daily, nor the necessities of traffic, which daily arise amongst a growing population, can induce a repeal of their tacit non-intercourse system, or render them even tolerant of each other. I have understood that Pat has, on occasions of high festivity, been known to extend his courtesy so far as to pay his German neighbours a

call, to inquire kindly whether 'any gentlemen in the place might be inclined for a fight;' but this evidence of good nature appears to have been neither understood nor reciprocated, and, proof against the blandishment, Mynheer was not even to be hammered into contact with 'dem wilder Irish.' It is a curious matter to observe the purity with which both people have conserved the dialect of their respective countries, and the integrity of their manners, costume, prejudices, nay, their very air, all of which they yet present fresh and characteristic as imported by their ancestors, although some of them are the third in descent from the first colonists. Differing in all other particulars, on this point of character their similarity is striking. Amongst the Germans I have had families pointed out to me, whose fathers beheld the commencement of the war of Independence in Pennsylvania, yet who are at this day as ignorant of its language, extent, policy, or population, as was the worthy pastor of whom it is related, that, having been requested to communicate to his flock the want of supplies which existed in the American camp, he assured the authorities that he had done so, as well as described to them the exact state of affairs:— 'I said to dem,' he repeated in English, 'Get op, min broders und mine zisters, und put dem paerd by die vagan, mit brood und corn; mit schaap's flesh und flesh of die groote bigs, und as flesh; und alles he brepere to go up de vey, mit oder goed mens, to sooply General Vashinton, who was fighting die Englishe konig vor our peoples, und der lufes, und der liberidies, op-on dem bank of de Schuylkill, diese side of die Vestern Indies.' In his piggery of a residence and his palace of a barn, in his wagon, his oxen, his pipe, his person and physiognomy, the third in descent from the worthies exhorted as above, remains unchanged. The cases upon which, as a jurymen, he decides, he hears through the medium of an official interpreter; he has his own journal, which serves out his portion of politics to him in Low Dutch, and in the same language is printed such portions of the acts of the State legislature as may in any way relate to the section he inhabits; the only portion of the community, indeed, which he knows, or cares to know, any thing about. My honest countrymen of the same class, I can answer for being as slightly sophisticated as their colder neighbours: it is true, their tattered robes have been superseded by sufficient clothing, and a bit of good broadcloth for Sunday or saint's day, and their protracted lenten fare exchanged for abundance of good meat, and bread, and 'tay, galore, for the priest and the mistress;' but when politics or any stirring cause is offered to them, their feelings are found to be as excitable, and their temperament as fiery, as though still standing on the banks of the Suir or the Shannon. On all occasions of rustic holiday they may yet be readily recognised by their slinging gait, the bit of a stick borne in the hollow of the hand, the inimitable shape and set of the hat, the love of top-coats in the men, and the abiding taste for red ribands and silk gowns amongst the women. The inherent difference between the two people is never more strikingly perceived than when you have occasion to make any inquiry whilst passing through their villages. Pull up your horse by a group of little Dutchmen, in order to learn your way, or ask any information, and the chance is they either run away, 'upon instinct,' or are screamed at to come within doors by their prudent mothers; upon which they cry their scatter, like scared rabbits, for the warren, leaving you

to 'try Turner,' or any other shop within hail. For myself, after a slight experience, I succeeded with my friends to admiration: the few sentences of indifferent Dutch which I yet conserved from my education amongst the Vee boors, at the Cape, served as a passport to their civility. Without this accomplishment, all strangers are suspected of being Irishers; and, as such, partake of the dislike and dread in which their more mercurial neighbours are held by this sober-sided and close-handed generation. On the other hand, enter an Irish village, and by any chance see the young villains precipitated out of the common school: call to one of these, and a dozen will be under your horse's feet in a moment; prompt in their replies, even if ignorant of that you seek to learn; and ready and willing to shew you any place or road they know any thing, or nothing, about. I have frequently on these occasions, when asked to walk into their cabin by the old people, on hearing their accent, and seeing myself thus surrounded, almost doubted my being in the valley of Pennsylvania. So little, indeed, does the accent of the Irish American—who lives exclusively amongst his own people in the country parts—differ from that of the settler of a year, that on occasions of closely contested elections this leads to imposition on the one hand and vexation on the other; and it is by no means uncommon for a man, whose father was born in the States, to be questioned as to his right of citizenship, and requested to bring proofs of a three years' residence.

"We took a stroll about the little town, which is famous for its cotton manufactures; and were pleased to observe every symptom of prosperity that might be outwardly exhibited,—a well-dressed population, houses remarkably clean and neat, with much bustle in the street. The military mania, which pervades the whole country, we also saw here exhibited in a way really quite amusing, and by a class to whom it would be well were it confined, since the display was more becoming in them than in any less precocious corps of volunteers I remember to have seen. Whilst standing in the shade of our hotel, the rattle of drums gave note of some display of war; an event of daily occurrence during this season of the year throughout these northern states, where playing at soldiers is one of the choicest amusements. Captain B—n asked a stander-by what volunteer corps was parading to-day: 'Why, I don't rightly know; but I guess it may be the Taunton Juvenile Democratic Lancers.' Our informant was quite right; for whilst, puzzled by the gravity of the man, I was considering whether or no he meant a hoax by the style which he bestowed upon the gallant corps, into the square it marched, with drums beating and colours flying. The colonel commanding was a smart little fellow, about twelve years old, dressed in a fancy uniform jacket, and ample linen cossacks; his regiment mustered about forty rank and file, independent of a numerous and efficient staff: they were in full uniform; most of them were about the colonel's age, some of the cornets perhaps a trifle younger, as became their station; they were armed with lances; and their motto was most magnanimous, being all about glory, death, liberty, and democracy. Nothing could be more steady than the movements of this corps on foot; and, when mounted, I have no doubt they prove as highly efficient a body as any volunteer lancer cavalry in the Union. This could not be called 'teaching the young idea how to shoot,' since the corps only bore *l'arme*

blanche; but it was highly creditable to the waggery of the citizens of Taunton, and the most efficient burlesque upon the volunteer system I had yet seen, although I have encountered many more elaborately gotten up." End of Act first: *Erit* the Irish Ambassador. The style is quite that of conversation.

Norman Rolls (Rotuli Normanniae), Vol. I. Containing all the remaining Rolls of the Reign of John, and the Roll for the Fifth Year of Henry V. Edited by Thomas Duffus Hardy, F.S.A., and printed by Command of his Majesty, under the Direction of the Commissioners on the Public Records of the Kingdom. 8vo. 1835.

MATERIALS for the history of this country from the Conquest to the reign of John, can be found only in the partial accounts of the chroniclers; the continual aid of criticism and research is required to enable the historian to select, from the discrepant narratives of interested and credulous writers, such facts as illustrate merely the military and political transactions of the times, while we possess little or no information respecting the internal state of the country and the condition of the people, below the rank of landholders or townsmen, beyond that afforded by a few straggling deeds and chartularies, during the period that elapsed from the date of the Domesday survey to that of the earliest of the series of the great rolls of the exchequer in the reign of Henry the Second. Upon the accession of John, however, began the important series of records, known as the Patent, Close, Charter, and Fine Rolls, &c., miscellaneous legal documents were more carefully preserved and registered; *thenceforward the path of the historian becomes less embarrassed, facts supersede the necessity and fallacy of conjecture, his knowledge of the men and transactions of that and succeeding reigns is derived from sources of undoubted authenticity; and the gradual development of society under its various aspects can be traced by the aid of a lamp which may occasionally grow dim, but never expires.

To the fact of these records having been hitherto, from various causes, almost inaccessible for historical purposes, and their value known only to a succession of antiquaries, who, with few exceptions, have devoured without digesting the information they afford, are to be attributed the erroneous opinions that prevail respecting the wretched and ignorant state of the mass of the population of this country during the middle, or, falsely named, barbarous ages. It will be our object, in placing the works of the commissioners before our readers, to select such portions of them as are calculated to illustrate the condition of the different classes of the community under the sway of the Plantagenets: at present we shall be content to observe that it is at all times easier to lament the absence of correct information than to seek it under whatever aspect it may exist; and, had our historians possessed sufficient opportunities of consulting the masses of contemporary documents, which have descended to us for a portion of the period during which society is supposed to have been in so miserable a plight, their works would have afforded more favourable inferences than can at present be deduced from them.

We trust that the time is not far distant when the early history of this country will receive that elucidation which it at once merits,

* For the origin and practice of enrolment, and for information respecting the earliest steps towards the preservation of legal documents, we refer our readers to Mr. Hardy's admirable Preface to the Close Rolls.

and is capable of receiving. From the era we have indicated, the series of our records is nearly complete, and surpasses in antiquity the legal evidence of any other nation. The practice of enrolment, once adopted, was admirably continued, and extended by degrees to the greatest and most trifling affairs. The patent which secured to some unworthy mercenary, or favourite, the possession of some wealthy ward or lordly manor, was duly enrolled with the safe conduct that protected the ship and commodities of the merchant, or the property of the oppressed Jew. The most secret affairs of state were generally recorded on the various rolls; and we cannot but applaud the simple minuteness of household accounts, in which we find in juxtaposition the reward of the messenger who carried a chaplet of roses from a gallant monarch to his mistress, and the cost of those peculiar domestic utensils which the refinement of the present day would include under the less conspicuous item of miscellanea. We remember to have seen the margin of the rolls scrawled with the rude designs of the scribe who, perhaps, sketched caricatures of his brother quills, as he yawned over the tedium of transcribing what to him might appear uninteresting legal documents, but which were destined, after the lapse of six centuries, to inform an enlightened posterity of the social and political condition of their ancestors.

We must not, however, consider these records merely with respect to the internal state of the kingdom; their importance in illustrating the relations between this and foreign countries, more particularly France, commands our especial attention. The value of the selection of historical documents published by Rymer, from various sources, is well known; and a reference to the works of Hume and Lingard will shew how materially that collection has aided the labour of the historian. The *Fœdera* possesses all the faults necessarily attending a selection from a series of historical records, where much that is omitted is equally interesting with that which is published; and it is with the view of calling the attention of our readers and the commissioners to the expediency of publishing the whole of the *close*, *patent*, and *foreign* rolls, from the reign of John to that of Henry VI., that we have selected the *Norman Rolls* for notice. We extract Mr. Hardy's description of them.

"These rolls contain such letters and grants of the kings of England as almost exclusively relate to the provinces, over which, whilst annexed to the English crown, our monarchs exercised the same authority as in this kingdom; and these letters and grants of liberties and privileges, together with the confirmations of previously enjoyed rights, being entered upon rolls of parchment similar to those appropriated to English affairs, have been ever since preserved, as of record, amongst the muniments of the Court of Chancery."

"The Gascon, Norman, and French rolls elucidate, in an eminent degree, numerous important points in the history of France, and its relations with other states." It appears, moreover, that these documents "are the only evidences of many rights and privileges still enjoyed by the inhabitants of France," and are frequently consulted in legal contests. An opinion is still prevalent in France, that when the English quitted Normandy and their other dominions in that country, they took with them all the public registers relative to those territories, and deposited them in the Tower; a belief which the publication of these records will tend to remove. A catalogue of the Gas-

con, Norman, and French rolls, was published by the well-known Carte in 1743,—a work which has enjoyed considerable reputation both at home and abroad, notwithstanding its imperfection; "for it does not refer to even a tenth part of the documents enrolled." The defects of that catalogue were enumerated in a "Mémoire," communicated to the Académie des Inscriptions, &c. by M. de Bréquigny, who was sent to England in 1764 for the purpose of making selections from the public archives in illustration of the history of France; and the publication of the records "at length" was recommended, at a later period, by Barrington, in his "Observations on the more Ancient Statutes." Having thus abridged the account given by Mr. Hardy of the first introduction of these rolls to public notice, referring the reader for more detailed information to the excellent preface by that gentleman, we shall produce, in confirmation of our opinion of the historical value of this particular class of documents, another version of the well-known story of Queen Philippa, consort of Edward III. and the prisoners of Calais. The reader of Froissart must recollect the highly picturesque account given by that most amusing old chronicler of the siege of Calais—the heroic defence of the city, and the patriotic devotion of six of the principal burgesses, who, with Eustace de St. Pierre at their head, would have satiated the vengeance of the conqueror but for the intercession of the good queen in their favour. The story has been adopted by every historian, from Rapin to Dr. Lingard; it has frequently been illustrated by the pencil and the graver; but, notwithstanding the possible indignation of the more sentimental of our readers, we must confess that the evidence of the rolls for that reign entirely destroys the romantic incident. The queen, who is supposed to have been so moved by the misery of the six burgesses whose lives she had just saved, obtained, nevertheless, a few days after, the confiscated property which one of them, Jean d'Aire, had possessed in Calais; and by letters dated the 8th of October, 1347, Edward conferred a considerable pension on the magnanimous Eustace de St. Pierre, as a sort of temporary recompense until he (the king) should be enabled to provide for him in a more suitable way. The motives to this favour were the services Eustace engaged to render by maintaining order in, and watching over the preservation of, the town of Calais; and other letters, dated on the same day, and proceeding from the same considerations, granted to him and his heirs most of the houses and places he had formerly possessed in the town, adding thereto some others. His heirs, however, preferred the service of their ancient master; Eustace died in 1351; and by letters of the 29th of July in the same year, the property he had possessed in Calais was confiscated on account of the defection of his children. Dr. Lingard, following Froissart, says that Edward "expelled the majority of the natives, and re-peopled the town with a colony of his own subjects;" on the contrary, a number of French names occur among the persons to whom Edward granted houses in his newly acquired territory. We must in justice, however, to the Doctor, observe, that his critical sagacity led him to suspect that Froissart had dramatised the incident with considerable effect, but with little attention to truth.—(Hist. Eng. vol. iii. p. 50. 4to.) The most probable view of the case is, that Eustace, having been instrumental in persuading his fellow-citizens to surrender the town, was rewarded accordingly by Edward; and the circumstance upon which the worthy

chronicler founded his romance, was the fact of some of the principal inhabitants having gone forth in the garb of suppliants to surrender the keys of the town and deprecate the wrath of the victor; a common occurrence in those and in more ancient times. We may add, that the *Mémoire* by M. de Bréquigny, above alluded to, furnished us with the first information on this subject; and we remember to have verified his observations by a reference to the rolls themselves, some years since.

We trust that in the foregoing observation enough has been said to call the attention of our readers to the important labours of the Commission; and we purpose taking an early opportunity of resuming our remarks, illustrating them by extracts from Mr. Hardy's volume.

A Diary of the Wreck of His Majesty's Ship Challenger, on the Western Coast of South America, in May, 1835. With an Account of the subsequent Encampment of the Officers and Crew, during a Period of Seven Weeks, on the South Coast of Chili. 8vo. Pp. 160. London, 1836. Longman and Co.

THIS is a slight and unadorned diary connected with an interesting event; and made, in our opinion, more interesting by the straightforward and sailor-like way in which the circumstances are related. The wreck of a British ship of war on a wild and distant foreign shore, the sufferings and conduct of our brave countrymen, and the final issue of their perilous adventure, are portions of a general picture, the canvass of which must fix the attention of the most apathetic.

The Challenger sailed from Rio Janeiro on the 1st of April last, and met with bad weather off the coast of Chili. In one "breeze a heavy sea struck the bows and cutwater, and with a most singular result, for it carried away the crown of our figure-head from the forehead upwards; and the ominous remark of the person who reported the circumstance to the officer of the watch, was, 'Sir, she has lost her brains.'"

Our diarist does not say that sailing on All-fool's-day was ominous! But this, by the by: the vessel proceeded, and was thrown upon breakers, and utterly wrecked near Molquilla, in the province of Arauco, 60 leagues south of Concepcion, and 35 miles from the Isle of Mocha.

"On her first striking amongst the breakers, the rudder was carried away, the gun-room beams and cabin deck forced up, and a vast body of water coming in astern flooded the gun-room and lower deck: many of the timbers on the starboard side were heard to break with a fearful crash. The excellent conduct and good discipline of all on board, in this extremity of danger, merited the highest praise. Although every heart must have felt the hopelessness of our situation, there was evinced that steady attention to the orders which were given, free from confusion or the slightest disobedience. How frequently did we afterwards remark on the fatal result that must inevitably have followed any rash attempt which, under the influence of terror, might have been made, to quit the wreck, and, I trust, with feelings of humble thankfulness to the providential mercy which had thus far preserved and directed us. The main-deck ports had been caulked in for our voyage round Cape Horn, and had fortunately not been started. The main-deck hatch-ways were battened down; but it was necessary to scuttle the lower-deck, from the quantity of water taken in over all. From the drawing of the ship through the sand, the

hand-pumps constantly going, enabled us to keep her sufficiently free to allow us to get up a considerable quantity of dry biscuit, which was put into some of our empty water-casks: some ball-cartridges were also got up, and placed in the driest situation on the main-deck. Yet, at this time, so slender was the hope of saving ourselves, or any thing belonging to us, that the ship's accounts, with a private packet or two, were secured in a cask, to be thrown overboard, with the chance of its reaching the shore, and telling the fate of the poor Challenger. Towards midnight, some officers and men thought they perceived land astern; and, on the starboard quarter, many were the eyes which eagerly sought out a gleam for their deliverance. We now attempted, by means of blue-lights and rockets thrown in the direction, to ascertain the existence of land, but without success. The moon having at length risen, we, at about 2.30 A.M., after anxiously watching the dispersion of some heavy clouds, got sufficient moonlight to make certain the sight of land. Those who witnessed that moment will long remember the joy and emotion which it gave rise to; for the horrors of the preceding four hours had been surcharged with the torturing apprehension of lingering death. Dark and desponding must be that mind which, at such a crisis, could not derive some solace in the hope of succour from that Omnipotent Being who governs the storm, and alone has the power to save."

How animating and touching is this simple narrative! Falconer, with all his feeling and poetry, has not produced a more noble and affecting passage. In endeavouring to establish a communication with the land, a fine young midshipman, Mr. Gordon, and a seaman named Edwards, were drowned: it is a melancholy episode.

"Their bodies were never found, and were supposed to have either been carried out to sea by the back-set, or buried in the sand. The others of the crew of the gig were taken out of the water by the crew of the jolly-boat, nearly exhausted, and more than three-quarters of a mile to the southward."

We will not trace all the difficulties of landing men, invalids, stores, &c. through a tremendous surge, nor describe the encampment of our gallant tars: it seems more requisite to copy something of what is said of the natives, among whom they thus passed seven weeks of great hardship.

"The population of the province of Arauco, in Chili, is by far the most warlike in the whole of South America: all the valour and experience of the Spanish arms, in the days of their greatest glory, failed in their obstinate and repeated endeavours to subdue the Indians of Arauco, who have maintained their independence to the present day, and are denominated by the Spaniards 'the unconquerable Araucanos.' A beautiful epic poem in the Spanish language, written by Don Alonso de Ercilla y Zuniga, published in 1590, describes the battles in which he was actively engaged. His descriptions of the wonderful valour and perseverance of those valiant Indians would appear exaggerated, did not their protracted and heroic resistance against the best men of Spain, at a period when every Spanish soldier was a hero, fully justify the truth of the narration. The greatest part of the Araucanos are, to the present day, engaged in a war of extermination with the Chilino Spaniards. The Araucano Indian is strong-built and active, with long, shaggy, dark hair hanging all round his head, as low as his shoulders; and, when attacking

an enemy, it is allowed partially to cover his face: his person is, on these occasions, frequently smeared over with mare's blood. His legs are bare to the knees; he wears a kind of short loose drawers, made of Indian manufacture, with a poncho of the same material; rides a horse of poor appearance, but great capacity, with large spurs of iron, if he can get them, secured to his bare heel with hide straps; his stirrups are only large enough to admit his great toe. Under his poncho, round his waist, is a large knife, often as broad as an English bill-hook: a set of bolas; and attached to his saddle is his lasso. His spear is a long bamboo staff, with a sharp iron point on its end, which, from its length (twenty-five feet, or more), is very flexible, and when in use is kept constantly moving, so that the eye of the adversary cannot discover the intended spot of thrust. The women are often mounted in a similar manner, with the addition of a sort of wrapper round the upper part of the legs. Their cunning is very great. They are very dirty; and they appear, in point of civilisation, a most degraded race of savages. Their principal food is potatoes, sometimes a little meat, frequently the flesh of mares; and they eat many of the numerous kind of nuts and berries which abound on the hills in the interior of their country. Salt is an article much in request amongst them. It was not uncommon to see a group of them squatted round a grass net of boiled potatoes, with a lump of rock-salt, which they constantly passed from mouth to mouth, round their circle, each taking a hearty suck.

"Five caciques now arrived from different directions, and with many followers, for the purpose of having a formal interview with the governor of Arauco, the consul, and captain. They were, Chequante, cacique of Molquilla; Pinoleo, cacique of Lumuco; Antinao, cacique of Arauco; Currinir, cacique of Tucapel; and Udalevi, cacique of Arauco (father of Antinao). Rafael Lobo was also present: he is the accredited interpreter for the Chilean government amongst the Indians of the district of Arauco, and is allowed to style himself *Teuciente de la Reduccion di Tucapel*. This interview was highly interesting, as displaying much of the character and manners peculiar to the Araucanian Indians: it lasted almost three hours; an interpreter, accustomed to the office, on the part of the governor, undertaking to make and receive the various communications that passed. The Indian language is not unpleasant, and reminded us a good deal of that of the South Sea Islands. Their mode of address, however, is very singular—in short abrupt sentences, on the latter words of which was laid a loud and peculiar emphasis. Before the conclusion of the meeting the consul spread out his bundle of presents, consisting of strings of coloured glass beads, papers of indigo, tobacco, cotton printed handkerchiefs, and Jew's harps, the whole of which were appropriately distributed, and received by the Indians with great apparent satisfaction, as offered by Mr. Rouse, the consul, in the name of his Majesty the King of Great Britain. With the caciques came the infant child of one of them: the mode in which it was brought was singular. It was placed in a rude wooden box, framed something like a wooden coal-scuttle, contrived so as to make a snug fit for its little imprisoned inmate, whose head only was visible over the edge of the front; the back formed the handle, by which it was slung, by hide straps, to the Indian woman who took charge of it, and who, mounted on horseback, conveyed it away. On

taking leave, the caciques went through the ceremony of a parting embrace with the governor, consul, and captain; which was by putting the right arm over the left shoulder, the left arm round the waist, under the right arm, the head resting on the right shoulder, and the contrary. They finally accepted from the consul a small cask of Concepcion wine, with which they retired to the hills to drink.

The information which Signor Sylva gave, together with that from other sources, put the Indian population at about 40,000, scattered over a vast tract of country, mustering 8000 fighting men, but rarely bringing against the Chilinos more than from 2000 to 3000 at any one time."

Though frequently threatened with hostile visits from the natives more to the south, the greatest enemies our countrymen met with were the mice, which overran the camp, and of which we have several curious notices. For example:—

"A pest, which eventually became very destructive and annoying to us, had now begun to trouble us, in the shape of a multitude of a large kind of mouse: our provisions, stores, clothes, tents, all suffered from their constant attacks, and the freedom with which they visited the sleepers almost exceeded belief.

The mice continued most troublesome: the little bread we had left decreased every night from their visits, as well as our supply of sugar and peas; nor did the tents or clothing escape. It was difficult to get sleep at night in consequence of their rambles. No plan could prevent their getting into our beds, not even when raised on stakes, or in a cot slung off the ground. Their feet were formed like a lizard's, and enabled them to climb in all directions, and along the smallest line or bough of a tree. Covered mould buttons seemed greatly to attract them, and one night would suffice them to run off with any number. In our inquiries of the natives, and others around us, as to the cause of such myriads of mice, we were told that the Indians supposed it originated from the effects of the late earthquake; having a tradition of a similar result on a former convulsion of the earth.

"The mice very troublesome, though we calculated that we destroyed at least 500 daily.

"The annoyance of the mice continued incessant, frequently obliging the crew to rise in the night to drive them from their beds, and preventing the possibility of getting rest."

As we are speaking of animals, we will here extract the most extraordinary memoir of a sheep, which has been published since the golden fleece was worn by an old ram."

"Two of the seamen who had lost their way in the fog on the hills, during their march from Molquilla, also had come into the camp. We had felt a little uneasy about them, and two Chilino guides on horseback had been despatched in search of them. They had passed the night in the woods. A pet English sheep, which had been saved and carefully protected by many friends amongst the crew, had also moved with them. He marched with the head the distance, with a pair of saddle-bags, which his friends had made for him, across his back, containing a supply, as Jack termed it, of provisions for his journey: on becoming tired, he was carried on a horse to his journey's end. The evident intelligence displayed by this animal, on first landing from the raft, was very striking; he no sooner got on the beach,

* Not the "Old Ram" advertised for in the *Morning Chronicle* at Christmas.

than, turning to the wreck, he bleated in a most unusual and extraordinary manner. He had no fear of the Indian dogs, and would attack any that offered to come into the camp. His daily custom was to attend the grog-tub, and he was sure of collecting a dinner from all quarters. 'Jack,' as he was called by his *messmates*, was a Southdown sheep, taken from Portsmouth in 1833, as part of the captain's live stock. After passing over above 55,000 miles, in the course of two years, he was landed from the Conway, with the Challenger's crew, at Portsmouth, in 1835; and has now a run on his native soil for the remainder of his life."

A new cure for insanity may be quoted as another variety:—

"On board the Challenger, at the time of her disaster, was a Spaniard, who had been engaged in the affair of the Falkland Islands, and was one of the Gauchos who had been taken as concerned in the murders committed there in 1833. He had been released, and was a passenger from Rio de Janeiro, to be landed at Valparaiso; but he had frequently exhibited such symptoms of mental derangement, that it became necessary to secure him in his hammock. On the day the evening of which we were wrecked, he had been unusually unruly, and was, therefore, placed under restraint. In the moment of the greatest danger, on the striking of the ship amongst the breakers, one of the first who ran on deck was the Spaniard, with scarcely any covering on him. He must have broken away from the lashings which secured him, appeared perfectly sane, and prepared to assist in the duties of the ship; and, singular to relate, on no occasion afterwards, during the whole time of our stay on the shores of Chili, was there observed any return of wildness. He was very useful in the camp, from his skill in cutting out and applying the hides of the bullocks to the fabrication of moccasins."

Our countrymen, after suffering much from the weather, were rescued by the Blonde, which carried them to Concepcion, on their homeward course. At Concepcion the author hears and repeats a very affecting account of the earthquake.

"An old English inhabitant of the city of Concepcion described the earthquake as having taken place at a time when he was in the street fronting his house, overlooking the labour of some workmen in building a wall that was to enclose it. It was a clear sunny morning, and about twenty minutes after eleven; he suddenly found himself unable to stand from the heaving of the earth, which increased so much that he fell to the ground; and there, on his knees and hands to steady himself, he remained in a dense cloud of dust, which precluded the possibility of seeing any of the surrounding objects, until the first dreadful shock had passed. The shrieks and cries of the inhabitants, which had accompanied the destruction of the city, continued to be heard far and near; and the scene which presented itself, on the clearing of the dust caused by the falling of the buildings, was one of the most appalling desolation. Parents and children, relations and friends, were searching for each other in that distraction of mind which terror, anxiety, and apprehension for their safety at such a calamitous moment created. Not a building remained standing of the late city of Concepcion: high and low, rich and poor, were mingled in an overwhelming destruction. The ruins of a church and a convent, erected by the old Spaniards on a most magnificent and substantial scale, and which had withstood for ages the frequent shocks of previous earthquakes, with which the southern

continent of America is so peculiarly afflicted, were scattered on all sides, and presented to the beholder a most striking and fearful assurance of the vanity, as well as the instability, of all that is created by the hand of man. At Talcahuana, the village which is situated on the border of the bay forming the anchorage for shipping, communicating with Concepcion, and about six miles from that city, the sea rose between thirty and forty feet, and came in in one great wave immediately following the movement of the earth; landed a schooner at the back of the houses; and, retiring, swept every thing before it; the inhabitants only escaping to the hills with their lives. Numerous articles were found on an island at the entrance of the bay of Talcahuana, twelve miles distant from the village; and, most singular to relate, amongst them, lying on a sandy beach, was a large window-frame, recognised by its owner, with the sash and glass unbroken. Several volcanos were seen to rise outside the bay, which, after burning with violence for twenty minutes or more, sank again below the surface of the water. Our informant was a man of seventy-five years, married, but had no family: he had experienced, in the course of his long life, the most severe reverses of fortune; and had retired from the coast of Peru, with the little resources his labours had allowed him to collect, to end his days on a small spot of ground he had purchased in the city of Concepcion. With the destruction of the city perished the greatest portion of his property; yet, despite of such a misfortune, there was visible that beautiful contentedness of mind which is alone to be derived from an acquiescence in whatever affliction the hand of the Almighty is pleased to send us. It must not be omitted to mention, that Mrs. —, the wife of this gentleman, recovering from the panic of fear, got out from the ruins of their house a part of that day's dinner, which was eaten, in thankfulness and tranquillity, under a tree in the court-yard adjoining the remains of their dwelling. The effects of this calamitous earthquake were not confined to the immediate neighbourhood of Concepcion, but were also particularly severe at the island of Juan Fernandez, distant 300 miles in a W.N.W. direction. The sea there advanced as in Talcahuana Bay, and totally destroyed the few buildings which were in the occupation of the military governor and Chilean garrison. On the sea retiring, a volcano rose in the anchorage, and continued burning for some time. It was also reported that the island had sunk many feet below its former level. The island of Santa Maria, situated near the spot of the Challenger's wreck, was found, on examination, to have been upheaved ten feet; and the anchorage, which had previously existed between it and the main land, was no longer considered safe."

Need we add that, on their return home, the captain, Michael Seymour, and the master, John Mc. Donald, were, agreeably to the rules of the service, tried for the loss of the ship, and most honourably acquitted. Indeed, they deserved mural crowns, as did their brave companions of every class, for their perseverance, steadiness, courage, and *bottom*; and the public voice will award them the distinction.

Memoirs of Mirabeau.

[Second Notice.]

IN our last we concluded with some shrewd observations of the Bailli Mirabeau. Good common sense is his attribute (amid all the lunacy of the family), and his discussions, both of private circumstances and public affairs, always

bear the impress of this, the rarest, though mis-called common, of human endowments. Mark the following prophetic strain so long ago as the year 1782:—

"What matters it whether our children, before they consummated our ruin and their own, had shewn all the signs of that deprecating evaporation peculiar to the present age? And what should we have done if they had? And what could we have done? And wherefore? What matters it, at bottom, who enjoys these things after us? Does it become a Christian, that is to say, a man improved, seconded, directed, and supported in the true and quiet path of mankind, to run after the flying and rapid spark of human life?—to attach himself to the duration of his works upon earth?—to trouble himself about what will become of them after he is gone? If it is from love of knowledge that we have laboured and sown here, we shall reap elsewhere; if it is to attract, we have already reaped the reward. We must not act from whim and vain-glory. Such frail motives have nothing to rest upon: and whoever finishes, must expect that his son will demolish, or exaggerate, or desert—for such is man's nature. He may build, but wisdom and virtue alone can preserve: and whether we have children, or whether we have none, as we have enjoyed that which others have planted and built, so others in their turn will enjoy what we plant and build. Whoever they may be, our task is done; and being placed in this world, like the silk-worm, to bustle about until we have spun our cocoon to leave it soon after, let us not attempt to see further than the said worm. The other world is sufficient to occupy our attention, and through it only must we look at the future." Thus, therefore, I conform to your own philosophy, although you have been pleased to change it; and I am more and more convinced that my posterity, which cannot but be your own, is of no greater importance to me than a turnip. I perceive by the natural progress of all things that high nobility must descend, which is worse than ceasing to exist. It has henceforth nothing but humiliation to undergo, and it is losing itself each day more and more, in the gulf of degradations. The rabble take every where. Behold, to cure you of your name, the ignoble equilibrium which—until the general overturn that will speedily take place, and the volcanic eruption that will rid us of thirty strata of petrifying alluvium—is established and must be maintained in Europe by the inkstands, which have at their command gunpowder, printing, impiety, and sedition.* Nations will never more return to

* "Long before this period, the Bailli had often made similar remarks, and uttered similar prophecies. As we have not space to insert all that he wrote on the subject, we transcribe only one extract, remarkable by its justness of perception and power of language: 'I know Paris: be assured that the vile populace which crouches there or goes thither to crouch, in search of fortune, as if fortune was a lost whelp, is as corrupt as Rome when she endeavoured to destroy the patricians even to their very name. Depend upon it that this infamous population of upstarts who take the lead among the magistracy, or in the finance, is a true republican population by its insinuation, at the same time that on account of its vices, without any redeeming virtue, it is unworthy of being republican. When a people in delirium make an attack upon a monarchy, they always begin with religion. This soon puts an end to prestiges; and the difference which God himself has made between men by distinctions, the first traces of which we find in the Jewish law, appears unjust to this people. It therefore undermines the nobility; and the chief of the social hierarchy, deprived of the natural supporters of his throne, feels that it totters, and he vacillates upon his sacred seat. Think you that there is any remedy? I believe there is, and I will tell you my reason for so believing. The distinction between the nobles and the plebeians is only moral and conventional; and if this distinction is once destroyed, the nobles are reduced to vain pretensions, which render them worse than useless.'—*Unpublished Letter from the Bailli to the Marquess of Mirabeau, dated June 30th, 1790.*

*strong moral feelings. I ask you whether, such being the case, the nobles will have a very gratifying part to play in future? and whether it is pleasant to have children to see them hooted, if they are good, and reduced to become nothing but parasites and hangers-on at court, where each purchases his authority and pays for it in dependence—the subaltern from the chief, the chief from the sovereign, the sovereign from etiquette. I perceive that nobility is divided, and running to its ruin. It extends to the children of those bloodsuckers—of those financial robbers introduced by the Pompadour, who herself sprang from this corruption. Another part is connected with the quill-driving rabble, who change into ink the blood of the king's subjects. A third is perishing smothered by vile robes, and by ignoble atoms of the dust of the closet, drawn from the mire by the purchase of an office. And, what is worse, nobility is obliged to bend the knee before mushrooms that have sprung up in a single night; also before pumpkins, which, thanks to the weakness of the government, rise on end upon their native beds of manure, and form an aristocracy of churlish blood, which takes a dastardly pleasure in shewing its authority to its former masters. It is not worth the trouble to continue a race for this, or to witness a revolution which the entire destruction of all the springs of state will necessarily produce."

The annexed opinion of women, and especially of clever women, is not very complimentary; *Quare*, is it just?

"Women can do nothing but plot, especially women of talent, who are the most dangerous species of animal. She in whom you place a too extensive confidence, is like all the others: she will be mistress; all who would oppose her sway, or share it with her, displease her, and she hates them cordially."

The following, at any rate, is a fine philosophical touch:—

"I now come to the point on which you say I have attacked you, and on which, saving your presence, you have the weakness of great men—a weakness you will never get over, because our passions harden with our bones, instead of declining with our age."

The *finale* of Madame Monnier's life is as complete a sample of French character in respect to such ladies and such affairs, contrasted with English feelings, as we ever perused.

"It has been (says M. Montigny) asserted by many writers, that immediately after Mirabeau quitted the donjon of Vincennes, he basely deserted the unhappy Sophie, who, a year after, died a victim to this monstrous ingratitude, and received her death-blow, in some degree, from the hand of a man for whom, in her heroic self-denial, she had sacrificed everything. By the blessing of God we can disprove this assertion."

"The liberated captive secretly set out during the night of the 3d of July 1781, and rode to Nogent-sur-Vernisson, which was only three leagues from Gien. Here he found Dr. Ysabeau, who conducted him privately to a summer-house in an isolated garden, situated out of the town of Gien. In this place Mirabeau assumed the dress of a pedlar, and under this disguise was introduced into the convent by the doctor, and a nun whom, with Sophie's consent, he had let into the secret, in order to have a witness in case of accident or indiscretion. All three reached Sophie's cell without obstacle. A long conference took place between Mirabeau and Sophie, in the presence of the physician and the nun, neither of whom withdrew a single moment. Mirabeau angrily

made assertions without being sure they were well founded; Sophie defended herself with energy, and was at last provoked to vehement recrimination; for she had likewise received secret intelligence, and probably proofs. The anger, on both sides, passed all reasonable bounds. The lovers separated under feelings of great irritation; and Sophie was the more offended, because she really had not given Mirabeau any ground of complaint; at least such is our own conviction from the information afforded us on the spot by the venerable Dr. Ysabeau, and by the nun who was present, sister Louise, still alive (1831) and still attached, at eighty-two years of age, to the same house, now the hospital of the town of Gien. From this period, all intercourse between them, whether personal or by letter, was irrevocably broken off. Sophie remained deeply afflicted; she fell ill, her eyes, inflamed by tears and want of sleep, were several times stricken with ophthalmia; but time and care restored her to health. This single fact is sufficient to prove that a coolness existed between the lovers prior to the rupture, which would have proved a death-blow to Sophie, if her feelings had remained such as by her former letters we have shewn them to have been, when she talked of *suicide*, every time she experienced deep and profound affliction connected with her attachment to Mirabeau."

"In a short time, Madame de Monnier, taking advantage of the freedom she enjoyed, formed a society of several persons attracted to her house by the graces of her person and manners, and the deserved reputation of amiability, gentleness, and benevolence, which she had acquired. She also accepted invitations which came to her from all quarters, and visited the principal families in the town. She further made excursions into the country, and would reside for several weeks at a time in the different chateaux in the neighbourhood, those, for instance, of Beauvoir, Malartic, Dampierre, Dominus, and Thou, belonging to the families of Foudras, Varville, de Villiers, and Poterat. Having got rid of the Franciscan and the Minim, whose rejected pretensions and imaginary rivalry had, in some degree, committed her, she became an object of assiduous attention to an officer of the Maréchaussée, named Lecuyer, not at all deficient in intellect or valour, and enjoying a certain degree of esteem; but a man of violent temper, which, though long restrained by a wish to please, burst forth in all its violence, the moment he had won Madame de Monnier's confidence and affection. This intimacy, which did not last long, was checkered with uneasiness, anxiety, and quarrels; and Sophie was far from finding in it that happiness of which she seemed always in search, but could never attain. After a time, however, she thought she had reached it. In her intercourse with society, she became acquainted with a retired captain of cavalry, a widower of thirty-five, whose late wife was of the Rancourt family, a member of which had formerly awakened Mirabeau's jealousy. M. Edme Benoit de Poterat often met Madame de Monnier in the best society at Gien, and in the neighbouring chateaux. A conformity of opinions and tastes, a mutual habit of melancholy, the communication to each other of their respective misfortunes, and even their mutual anxiety for each other's health, which in each had been affected by mental and bodily suffering,—all these things tended to unite them by a bond of tender sympathy, which soon ripened into a warmer feeling. Sophie, enlightened by experience, endeavoured, but ineffectually, to resist

this *penchant*. The lovers were mutually captivated; and both being free, they determined to marry—a plan justified by their respective ages, their attachment to each other, and their condition in life. Madame de Monnier visited her friend several times at his estate of Thou, where her presence was authorised by that of the proprietor's sister and a niece, both very amiable persons. But those being called away by family duties, were forced to leave the chateau, and the increasing ill health of M. de Poterat forced him to quit the country whither Madame de Monnier could no longer visit him. He therefore fixed his residence at Gien, close to hers, and received from her the most anxious and tender attentions. All her care, however, could not overcome the slow but incurable consumption with which he was attacked, and she soon acquired the painful conviction that her friend had only a short time to live. From this period her resolution was evidently taken."

In fact, she either suffocated herself with charcoal, or was murdered by the ignorant surgeon called in to succour her; and the catastrophe is horrible.

This quack, "who had attended the magistrate, had not thought of trying the most simple means of resuscitation. Full of the idea, though without any apparent reason, of the possibility of a pregnancy, he proposed to open the body, which he performed upon the spot, with the ignorant precipitancy of a barbarian. An hour after, the body had nothing left of the human form, and Dr. Ysabeau's grief was the more intense, because some remains of coloration and heat, which had existed prior to this atrocious operation, seemed to justify the hopes he had conceived before his arrival."

The writer's observations upon these events, and upon Mirabeau's frenzied passion for women, belong to the French school, and tolerably confound all strict notions of morality and virtue. We therefore leave them to the readers of the work itself, and conclude with Vol. III. the private life of Mirabeau.

(To be briefly concluded.)

Paris and the Parisians.

[Second notice.]

Mrs. TROLLOPE's book is just one of those which the reviewer finds the easiest to review, and particularly the reviewer who is desirous of bringing novelties as promptly forward as his readers hope from his assiduity and readiness. Extracts from it, with a running connexion rather than observation or argument, are quite sufficient to enable all intelligent persons to form their own judgments; and it is always a pleasure to us to endeavour fairly to lead, rather than to attempt to drive, public opinion. We are content to be lanterns, and don't aspire to be comets; it is enough to light the way (when ways are so diverse and numerous), and to dazzle has never been our object. If it had, we fear that the shine might have been taken out of us ere now, instead of our continuing to run like lamplighters, causing the whole parish, *i. e.* reading world, to love our steady light. But enough of that which is "no recommendation!" only this is the season of *ego-ism*, and why not *nos*?

We have some just and clever remarks on the present condition of the French drama, which are thus concluded:

"If there be any left among the men of France—I speak not now of her boys, the spoiled grandchildren of the old revolution—but if there be any left among her men, as I in truth believe there are, who deprecate this eclipse of her literary glory, is it not sad that

they should be forced to permit its toleration, for fear they should be sent to Ham for interfering with the liberty of the press? It is impossible to witness the representation of one of these infamous pieces without perceiving, as you glance your eye around the house, who are its patrons and supporters. At no great distance from us, when we saw the "Tour de Nesle," were three young men who had all of them a most thoroughly '*jeunes gens*' and republican cast of countenance, and tournure of person and dress. They tossed their heads and snuffed the theatrical air of '*la Jeune France*,' as if they felt that they were, or ought to be, her masters: and it is a positive fact, that nothing pre-eminently absurd or offensive was done or said upon the stage, which this trio did not mark with particular admiration and applause. There was, however, such a saucy look of determination to do what they knew was absurd, that I gave them credit for being aware of the nonsense of what they applauded, from the very fact that they did applaud it. It is easy enough sometimes to discover 'le vrai au travers du ridicule;' and these silly boys were not, I am persuaded, such utter blockheads as they endeavoured to appear. It is a bad and mischievous tone, however; and the affecting a vice where you have it not, is quite as detestable a sort of hypocrisy as any other. Some thousand years hence, perhaps, if any curious collectors of rare copies should contrive among them to preserve specimens of the French dramas of the present day, it may happen that while the times that are gone shall continue to be classed as the iron, the golden, the dark, and the Augustan ages, this day of ours may become familiar in all men's mouths as the diabolic age,—unless, indeed, some charitable critic shall step forward in our defence, and bestow upon it the gentler appellation of 'the idiot era.'

Hence, however, our stage is content to borrow nearly all its honours: no wonder we are so low when the best we can do is to take from a bad school and make it worse. Elsewhere our author says—

"I am persuaded that had our stage no censorship, and were dramas such as those of Dumas and Victor Hugo to be produced, they would fill the theatres, at least as much as they do here. Their very absurdity—the horror—nay, even the disgust they inspire, is quite enough to produce this effect; but it would be unwise to argue thence that such trash had become the prevailing taste of the people. That the speculation, as such, has been successful, I have no doubt. This play, for instance, has been very generally talked of, and many have gone to see it, not only on its own account, but in order to behold the novel spectacle of Mademoiselle Mars *en lutte* with an actress from La Porte St. Martin. As for Madame Dorval, I imagine she must be a very effective melodramatic performer when seen in her proper place; but, however it may have flattered her vanity, I do not think it can have added to her fame to bring her into this dangerous competition. As an actress she is, I think, to Mademoiselle Mars much what Victor Hugo is to Racine,—and perhaps we shall hear that she has 'heaved the ground from under her.' Among various stories floating about on the subject of the new play and its author, I heard one which came from a gentleman who has long been in habits of intimacy with M. Hugo. He went, as in duty bound, to see the tragedy, and had immediately afterwards to face his friend. The embarrassment of the situation required to be met by presence of mind and a

coup de main: he shewed himself, however, equal to the exigency; he spoke not a word, but rushing towards the author, threw his arms round him, and held him long in a close and silent embrace. Another pleasantry on the same subject reached me in the shape of four verses, which are certainly droll enough; but I suspect that they must have been written in honour, not of 'Angelo,' but of some one of the tragedies in verse—'Le Roi s'amuse,' perhaps, for they mimic the harmony of some of the lines to be found there admirably:

'Où, ô Hugo! huchera-t-on ton nom?
Justice encor rendu, que ne t'a-t-on?
Quand donc au corps qu'académique on nomme,
Grimperas-tu de roc en roc, rare homme?'

And now farewell to Victor Hugo! I promise to trouble you with him no more; but the consequence which has been given to his name in England, has induced me to speak thus fully of the estimation in which I find him held in France. 'Rare Homme!'

The literary bearing of the following is sufficient to recommend it to our choice:—

"We were last night at a small party where there was neither dancing, music, cards, nor—(wonderful to say!) politics to amuse or occupy us: nevertheless, it was one of the most agreeable *soirées* at which I have been present in Paris. The conversation was completely on literary subjects, but totally without the pretension of a literary society. In fact, it was purely the effect of accident; and it was just as likely that we might have passed the evening in talking of pictures, or music, or rocks and rivers, as of books. But fate decreed that so it should be; and the consequence was, that we had the pleasure of hearing three Frenchmen and two Frenchwomen talk for three hours of the literature of their country. I do not mean to assert that no other person spoke; but the *frais de la conversation* were certainly furnished by the five natives. One of the gentlemen, and that, too, the oldest man in company, was more tolerant towards the present race of French novel-writers than any person of his age and class that I have yet conversed with; but, nevertheless, his approval went no further than to declare, that he thought the present mode of following human nature with a microscope into all the recesses to which passion, and even vice, could lead it, was calculated to make a better novelist than the fashion which preceded it, of looking at all things through a magnifying medium, and of straining and striving, in consequence, to make that appear great which was by its nature essentially the reverse. The Vicomte d'Arincourt was the author he named to establish the truth of his proposition; he would not admit him to be an exaggeration of the school which has passed away, but only the perfection of it. 'I remember,' said he, 'to have seen at the Louvre, many years ago, a full-length portrait of this gentleman, which I thought at the time was as perfect a symbol of what is called in France *le style romantique*, as it was well possible to conceive. He was standing erect on the rocky point of a precipice, with eye inspired, and tablets in his hand: a foaming torrent rolled its tortured waters at his feet, whilst he, calm and sublime, looked not 'comme une jeune beauté qu'on arrache au sommeil,' but very like a young *incroyable* snatched from a fashionable *salon* to meditate upon the wild majesty of nature, with all the inspiring adjuncts of tempest, wildness, and solitude. He appeared dressed in an elegant black coat and waistcoat, black silk stockings, and dancing pumps. It

would be lost labour,' he continued, 'should I attempt to give you a more just idea of his style of writing than the composition of this portrait conveys. It is in vain that M. le Vicomte places himself amidst rocks and cataracts,—he is still M. le Vicomte; and his silk stockings and dancing pumps will remain visible, spite of all the froth and foam he labours to raise around him.' 'It was not D'Arincourt, however,' said M. de C***, 'who has either the honour or dishonour of having invented this *style romantique*—but a much greater man: it was Chateaubriand who first broke through all that was left of classic restraint, and permitted his imagination to run wild among everything in heaven and earth.' 'You cannot, however, accuse him of running this wild race with his imagination *en habit bourgeois*,' said the third gentleman: 'his style is extravagant, but never ludicrous; Chateaubriand really has, what D'Arincourt affected to have, a poetical and abounding fancy, and a fecundity of imagery which has often betrayed him into bad taste from its very richness; but there is nothing strained, forced, and unnatural in his eloquence,—for eloquence it is, though a soberer imagination and a severer judgment might have kept it within more reasonable bounds. After all that can be said against his taste, Chateaubriand is a great man, and his name will live among the literati of France; but God forbid that any true prophet should predict the same of his imitators!' 'And God forbid that any true prophet should predict the same of the school that has succeeded them!' said Madame V***—a delightful old woman, who wears her own grey hair, and does not waltz. 'I have sometimes laughed, and sometimes yawned over the productions of the *école D'Arincourt*,' she added; 'but I invariably turn with disgust and indignation from those of the domestic style which has succeeded to it.' 'Invariably?' said the old gentleman, interrogatively. 'Yes, invariably; because, if I see any symptom of talent, I lament it, and feel alarmed for the possible mischief which may ensue. I can never wish to see high mental power, which is the last and best gift of heaven, perverted so shamelessly.' 'Come, come, dear lady,' replied the advocate of what Goethe impressively calls '*la littérature du désespoir*,' you must not overthrow the whole fabric because some portion of it is faulty. The object of our tale-writers at present is, beyond all doubt, to paint men as they are: if they succeed, their labours cannot fail of being interesting—and I should think they might be very useful too.' '*Fadaise que tout cela!*' exclaimed the old lady eagerly. 'Before men can paint human nature profitably, they must see it as it really is, my good friend—and not as it appears to these *misérables* in their barbaques and greniers. We have nothing to do with such scenes as they paint; and they have nothing to do (God help them!) with literary labours.'

"I do not quite understand how it happens that the Parisians are so much better acquainted with the generality of our light literature, than we are with the generality of theirs. This is the more unaccountable, from the fact so universally known, that for one French person who reads English, there are at least ten English who read French. It is, however, impossible to deny that such is the fact. I am sure I have heard the names of two or three dozen authors, since I have been here, of whose existence, or of that of their works, neither I, nor any of my literary friends, I believe, have had the least knowledge; and

yet we have considered ourselves *quiere au courant de jour* in such matters, having never missed any opportunity of reading every French book that came in our way, and, moreover, of sedulously consulting the *Foreign Quarterly*. In canvassing this difference between us, one of the party suggested that it might perhaps arise from the fact that no work which was popular in England ever escaped being reprinted on the Continent,—that is to say, either at Paris or Brussels. Though this is done solely as a sort of piratical speculation, for the purpose of inducing all the travelling English to purchase new books for four francs here, instead of giving thirty shillings for them at home, it is nevertheless a natural consequence of this manoeuvre, that the names of English books are familiarly known here even before they have been translated. Many of our lady authors have the honour apparently of being almost as well known at Paris as at home. I had the pleasure of hearing Miss Mitford spoken of with enthusiasm; and one lady told me that, judging her from her works, she would rather become acquainted with her than with any author living. Miss Landon is also well known and much admired. Madame Tastu told me she had translated many of her compositions, and thought very highly of them. In short, English literature and English literature are at present very hospitably treated in France."

The remarks on politics are not less apposite:—

"All the world are sick of politics in England; and all the world are sick of politics in France. It is the same in Spain, the same in Italy, the same in Germany, the same in Russia. The quiet and peaceably disposed are wearied, worried, tormented, and almost stunned, by the ceaseless jarring produced by the confusion into which bad men have contrived to throw all the elements of social life. Chaos seems come again—a moral chaos, far worse for the poor animal called man than any that a comet's tail could lash the earth into. I assure you I often feel the most unfeigned longing to be out of reach of every sight and sound which must perforce mix up questions of government with all my womanly meditations on lesser things; but the necessity of *parler politique* seems like an evil spirit that follows whithersoever you go. I often think, that among all the revolutions and rumours of revolutions which have troubled the earth, there is not one so remarkable as that produced on conversation within the last thirty years. I speak not, however, only of that important branch of it—the polite conversation of sensible women, but of all the talk, from garret to cellar, throughout the world. Go where you will, it is the same; every living soul seems persuaded that it is his or her particular business to assist in arranging the political condition of Europe."

With this, reserving two or three extracts for a future opportunity, we conclude. Mrs. Trollope candidly tells us that her work has no high pretensions; nay, she almost intimates that she purposely made it miscellaneous and cursory. Still she is an individual of too acute a mind not to impart interest to all she writes, and we accordingly find these volumes, and particularly the second, very agreeable in the perusal. She speaks warmly in favour of the government of Louis Philippe, and augurs well of his future course. *Nous verrons*. Bits of French here and there, where the language should be either all French or all English, we consider a blemish; and where George Sand is mentioned, it is ridiculous to make a mystery

of the name of Madame de D——. Why not Dudevant? one of the FREEST female writers that ever wrote.

The History of Rome. By Thomas Keightley. Author of "The History of Greece," &c. 12mo. pp. 496. London, 1836. Longman and Co; Dublin, Milliken.

THE labours of Niebuhr and other learned historians and antiquaries have, within the present century, thrown much new light upon the early annals of ancient nations, and upon none more than those of Rome. Their discoveries, their emendations, and even their conjectures, have consequently created a necessity for other views of these subjects than such as have hitherto been current either for instruction or general information, for schools or the public, for students or adult readers. Among the scholars who have perceived this state of things and have undertaken to bring the alterations before us, we gladly recognise Mr. Keightley, already recommended by the knowledge he has displayed in similar works, and the skill with which he has unravelled the perplexed webs of ancient lore. His history of Rome is an useful and excellent production (we wish the paper were better), and a superior book of its class cannot be put into the hands of youth. On it he has bestowed competent research and diligence, and the result is a performance which, though humble in form, is likely to stand high in utility, and to reflect credit on a name not poorly distinguished in our national literature.

Historical Conversations for Young Persons; containing, 1. The History of Malta and of the Knights of St. John. 2. The History of Poland. By Mrs. Markham. Author of the Histories of England and France. 12mo. pp. 389. London, Murray.

MRS. MARKHAM is an admirable writer for youth; an instructress equally able and captivating. Her views are so just and dispassionate, that we could not desire a higher spirit in the most elaborate works in history; and, at the same time, her narrative is so clear and simple, that it is understood without effort; and all the events she describes stand out in perfect relief to the mind of the reader. The present volume is well worthy of her talent; and, as both the subjects are replete with interest, and the latter especially one of great and immediate concernment to the nations and people of Europe, we need scarcely say that old as well as young must be much informed and benefited by its perusal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Elliott's Poems, Part I. (London, B. Stells.)—This is the first of a reissue of Ebenezer Elliott's poetical productions, to be completed in eighteen weekly parts, at sixpence each. A very indifferent portrait of their highly gifted author is given; and a strongly political preface adds an introductory dose of ultra-radicalism, which had much better have been dispensed with, and the poet left to stand on his own extraordinary poetical merits. The mixture of abuse and virulence with the beauties of Ebenezer Elliott was quite unequalled for: as those who can make allowances for the ardour and feelings of the bard (where they interfere with his more refreshing themes) are not so well disposed to listen to ditto in vulgar prose, calling names, and throwing about mud. The splendid Village and Preface to *Corn Law Rhymes* are in this number.

Create. (London, Ridgways.)—A high Whig and ministerial pamphlet, in which a large creation of peers is recommended to the king, as the panacea for national grievances and dangers.

Memoirs of Sir Thomas Picton, &c. &c., by H. B. Robinson. 2d edit. 2 vols. 8vo. (London, Bentley.)—We would have rejoiced to have seen a second edition of this interesting work, had it been barely a reprint of the first, which called from us for so cordial a meed of approbation; but when we find it enriched by many new and valuable documents, and otherwise very much improved, we experience the greater pleasure in again recommending it to public at-

tention. The well-told particulars of the life of a true soldier and true Briton, during a period of military exertion and struggle altogether unequalled in our history, must possess both present and lasting claims to the sympathies of Englishmen.

The Lady's Keepsake and Maternal Monitor, by the Author of "A Mother's Portrait." Pp. 340. (London, E. Lacey; Liverpool, H. Lacey.)—This is an extremely neat little volume, and contains a multitude of sensible remarks on family and domestic subjects. From some of the opinions we cannot help dissenting; but this is not the place to discuss them, and we can, without compromising our judgment, safely recommend the *Lady's Keepsake* as a book well worth ladies, and females of lower rank also, keeping and weighing its precepts.

A Garland of Love, wreathed of pleasant flowers gathered in the field of English Poetry. Pp. 219. (London, Chapman and Hall.)—This is a charming little volume, selected with much taste, and elegantly put together. We have to bestow unqualified praise on the judgment which has avoided the slightest approach to what might bring a blush upon the modest cheek. Every one may enjoy the scent of these sweet flowers, without intoxicating the brain with subtle poisons hidden amid their perfume.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ON Wednesday, Mr. Lyell, president, in the chair.—The following communications were read:—1st. An extract from a letter addressed to the president by Captain Bayfield, R.N. It gave an account of the transporting power of the ice-packs formed every winter on the extensive shoals which line both sides of the St. Lawrence. These shoals are thickly strewn with boulders, which become entangled in the ice; and, in the spring, when the river rises from the melting of the snow, the masses of ice are floated off, frequently carrying the boulders to great distances. Captain Bayfield also states, that icebergs in which boulders, stones, and gravel, are imbedded, are annually drifted down the coast of Labrador, through the strait of Belleisle, and for several hundred miles up the gulf of the St. Lawrence.—2dly. A letter from M. De la Beche, explanatory of the geological position of a collection of fossils from the north of Cornwall. M. De la Beche says, that in the grauwacke of western Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, natural divisions may be made, founded on marked characters; but he is of opinion, that the whole of this district belongs to a system older than the Silurian formations of Mr. Murchison. Some of the organic remains were procured at Dinas Cove, Padstow Harbour, Treveloa Island (Lower St. Columb Porth), and Powan Head, near New Quay, from the strata which is associated with sandstone, conglomerates, and limestone; and which is of the same age with the fossiliferous strata of Tintagel. The remainder of the collection was procured near Bodmin, by Dr. Potts, and in the vicinity of Liskeard. M. De la Beche also states, that there are evidences in Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, of two movements of the land, one to the height of 30 or 40 feet above the present sea level, and the other to an uncertain depth beneath it, since the production of the existing vegetation of the land, and the molluscous inhabitants of the neighbouring sea. 3dly. A memoir by Mr. Griffith, president of the Geological Society of Dublin, on the syenite and syenitic greenstone veins which traverse mica slate at Goodland Cliff, and chalk at Torr Eskert, to the south of Fairhead, in the county of Antrim. The district described in this paper consists of inclined strata of mica slate, with subordinate beds of hornblende slate and limestone, overlaid by nearly horizontal strata of coal measures, new red sandstone, and chalk; and on these secondary formations repose a mass of rudely columnar trap, the northern termination of which constitutes the magnificent promontory of Fairhead. The veins of

syenite and syenitic greenstone in Goodland Cliff might be mistaken for regular beds forming an integral portion of the mica slate, but Mr. Griffith determined, by careful inspection, that the veins are irregular in their course, and uneven on their surface, moulding into the indentations of the schist. Owing to the occasionally covered nature of the surface, these veins cannot be traced continuously to Torr Eskert, but by laying down their line of bearing on the ordnance map, and by making due allowance for their average inclination and the elevation of the hill, Mr. Griffith entertains no doubt that the syenite which traverses the chalk of Torr Eskert is a prolongation of one of the veins in the mica slate of Goodland Cliff. In mineral character there is no difference. The chalk in contact with the syenite is sometimes crystallised, always hard; the colour is changed from yellowish-white to reddish-white; and masses of disrupted chalk are entangled with the syenite. In conclusion the author says, that if he has substantiated the views advocated in his memoir, a new and important fact has been added to those already described by other observers, which may ultimately lead to the assigning of a comparatively recent origin, not only to syenite veins, but to crystalline rocks generally, when found associated with schistose strata.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

Ox the 21st ult. Mr. Porter contributed an "Analysis of the connexion between Ignorance and Crime," in which the writer contended against the deductions of M. Guerry, that instruction has not tended to diminish the number of criminals in France. Our readers may need to be informed that M. Guerry has formed his opinion upon the data of official returns, and a comparison with each other of the departments where instruction is more or less diffused. To obviate his conclusions, Mr. Porter prolongs the period of comparison (beyond M. Guerry's year), and takes the extremes of the best instructed and the worst instruction whereon to found his average, instead of founding his argument upon all the eighty-six departments of France. By this process he arrives at the deduction, that in five years the advantage is nearly ten per cent in favour of the most educated districts.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.
UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 29th.—The Hulsean Prize was adjudged to Thomas Whytehead, St. John's College, for his dissertation on the following subject:—"The resemblance between Moses and Christ is so very great and striking, that it is impossible to consider it fairly and carefully without seeing and acknowledging that He must be foretold where He is so well described."

The following is the subject for the Hulsean Prize of the present year:—"How far our Saviour's miracles were typical of the nature of Christian dispensation."

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. BAILY in the chair.—The receipt of a set of meteorological tables for 1834, kept by Capt. Beaufort, at the Cape of Good Hope, was notified. There was then read an account of a volcanic eruption which took place on the 20th of January, 1835, on the Western Coast of Central America. The writer commences his appalling narrative by observing, that there is no spot on the face of the earth more intersected by mountains and volcanic vents than Central America. A rich field is there opened to the man of science who has boldness sufficient to face the miasma of its valleys, and the mephitic vapours of its mines. The details of the eruption, which he describes, are chiefly taken from voluminous official reports transmitted by the

authorities on the spot to the executive; these all agree in the most minute particulars, and the author says it is impossible to read them without being struck with the beauty of the classic phraseology employed, which bears, in many instances, a great resemblance to the language used by Pliny in his well-known description of a like catastrophe. Immediately previous to the present, a beautiful cloud, resembling a huge plume of feathers of the most brilliant white, was seen hovering over the bay, marked as the scene of approaching desolation: this cloud gradually assumed a gray colour, then a yellow, and, finally, became bright red. In the morning shocks were felt; the third and last were most terrific—though it was day it grew utterly dark, so that persons might touch each other without being seen: cattle returned to their folds, and fowls to roost, as on the approach of night. The darkness continued till the next day at noon; but for ten succeeding days the light was murky. At St. Antonio and other adjacent places, ashes fell in great quantities; loud and awful echoes, like discharges of artillery, and accompanied with lightning, persuaded the people that the day of judgment was at hand. Birds of the forest flew to the towns for refuge; and the banks of rivers, &c. were strewn with fish. In Segovia, and as far as eight leagues from the volcano, there fell dense showers of black sand. Thousands of cattle perished there, while others became masses of scorched flesh. But we will not distress our readers by more of the frightful details. Two new islands arose; and in the month of March, two months afterwards, the volcano continued in activity, though happily without eruption. The ashes reached a distance of 400 leagues to windward, thus establishing the existence of a counter atmospheric current. The ashes travelled at the rate of 170 miles per diem. Another portion of Dr. Daubeny's paper, on the effect of light on plants, and of plants on the atmosphere, was also read.

The same fellow, who, on a former night proposed a vote of thanks (carried unanimously) to Mr. Children, as a *set-off* to sundry anonymous letters in the newspapers, reflecting on that gentleman, now proposed the same honour to Dr. Roget, not in reference, however, to any thing which had appeared in the papers about the Doctor—for, in truth, there had been nothing—but in order that it might not appear invidious at an after-period (one hundred years hence?) to have passed a vote of thanks to one Secretary and none to the other. Further, the same fellow stated, that he had not proposed Dr. Roget's name in conjunction with Mr. Children's, lest the disaffected out of doors,—the anonymous letter-writers,—should insinuate that that gentleman rode in with a unanimous vote of thanks on the Doctor's shoulders. The above is the real substance of a long speech. The vote in favour of Dr. Roget was unanimously and most cordially given.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

2D JANUARY. A general meeting was held this day: David Pollock, Esq. in the chair.—Among the donations laid on the table was a valuable parcel of gold, silver, and other coins—Bactrian, Persian, Mahomedan, &c., fifty-one in number; together with eleven casts of scarce and ancient coins. They were presented by Colonel Miles, a member of the Society. The reading of Professor Wilson's paper on the ancient kingdom of Pándya was continued. The portion read contained the following curious legend: "At Kuruvaituri,

west of Madura, a rich farmer had twelve sons, who spent their time in various sports, and especially in the chase. They one day attacked a wild hog and his family, killed some, and pursued the rest to the vicinity of a holy sage, engaged in profound meditation. Having disturbed the abstraction of the sage, he cursed them, denouncing their future birth as hogs themselves. On their humiliation, however, and earnest prayers for forgiveness, he so far modified his imprecation as to make the temporary degradation the means of future honour and fame. The twelve youths, being reborn in their porcine capacity, lost their tender parents by the spears of Rájá Rájá and his fellow-sportsmen, whilst they were yet too young to provide their own subsistence. Their pitiful state moved the compassion of Choka Náyaka and Minákshi Amman, who happened to be in the forest during the chase, and they determined to act as the parents of the porkers. Minákshi officiated as their nurse, in which character figures of her occur, and Choka Náyaka as their tutor.* One effect of this divine protection was to humanise their bodies, so that they became men with the heads of pigs, in which combination their statues are sculptured. Another consequence of their fortunate destiny was their deriving from their preceptor profound conversancy with arts, sciences, and letters, and their consequent advancement to the ministerial administration of the affairs of the Pándya kingdom."

Next meeting announced for the 16th instant.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

	Royal Geographical, 9 P.M. Medal to be delivered to Capt. Back.
	Russell Institution, 8 P.M. Mr. Wallis on Comets; also on the 18th.
	Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M. And the Anniversary on Saturday, 16th.
	Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.
	Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.
	Society of Arts, 8 P.M. Illustrations: Mr. Brunel on the Construction of Arches without Centering.
	Zoological, 8½ P.M.
	Belgrave Institution. Dr. A. T. Thomson on Physical Education; and conclusion the 19th.
	Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.
	Graphic, 8 P.M.
	Literary Fund, 3 P.M.
	Royal Society, 8½ P.M.
	Antiquaries, 8 P.M.
	Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M. Vacancy of Secretaryship to be declared on the Resignation of Mr. Snow.
	Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE LAWRENCE GALLERY.

THESE delightful exhibitions have recommenced, at Messrs. Woodburn's, in St. Mar-

* This story recalls to mind that of the pig-faced lady current in Europe. May it not have been the archetype of the latter?—Ed.

tin's Lane. The present, which is the fourth, consists of a hundred drawings, by Parmigiano and Coreggio; and to all who possess the slightest taste for the fine arts, the contemplation of such beautiful works must afford a high enjoyment. Those of Coreggio are especially fascinating. We were never before so completely aware of the deep attention which Reynolds gave to that great master. It is to be traced every where; and a child's head, in particular, Sir Joshua, in one of his pictures, has accurately copied, both in form and in effect; merely enlarging it to the size of life. There is also a magnificent study of a young man's head, by Coreggio, from which Parmigiano painted his St. John, now in the National Gallery; but we confess that we prefer the original. Let it not be supposed, however, that we undervalue Parmigiano. The delicacy and grace of his designs in this superb collection cannot be surpassed.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Winkles's Continental Cathedrals. No. I. Wilson.

"THE design of this new work," say the publishers, "is to give a uniform and cheap series of all the most important Cathedrals of the Continent, exhibiting the state of architecture in every age, and in different countries, by employing picturesque effect in displaying those master-pieces of building, which have commanded the admiration and regulated the taste of ages." The design is a good one; and if carried on with ability equal to that exhibited in the first Number (which contains Illustrations of Amiens Cathedral, "built at a time when the pointed style in France had reached its highest perfection"), the publication must be attractive and interesting. The engravings are from drawings made after sketches by Mr. Garland, the architect, and the descriptions are by Mr. Thomas Moule.

The Looking-Glass; or, Caricature Annual, Vol. VI. London, 1836. M'Lean.

WHAT an amusing history of the year is furnished by these prints. Men and political things are placed before our eyes and minds; the one in their living telescopes, the other in their humorous phases, after they have fatigued us with their tedious discussion, and, perhaps, disturbed us with their mischievous consequences. We cease to lament what cannot be helped, and we laugh;—quite a Christmas treat! Mr. M'Lean has on this occasion been most bountiful, both as regards number and variety; and many of the caricatures possess all the excellency which can belong to the class of publications. The frontispiece, the king, a sun, eclipsed by a dark O'Connell; Lord Melbourne, Lord J. Russell, and Mr. Spring Rice, dancing in the sun-beams, while Wellington and Peel are in the shade, is a capital introduction. Among the hundred subjects, Burdett and O'Connell in combat, as Valentine and Orson; and O'Connell as a kangaroo, with a joint of his tail (*Carlton*) so much hurt as to render the medical handling thereof intolerably painful—are in the best possible style: but, indeed, the whole series will afford excellent diversion to hours which might otherwise be tedious under many social circumstances.

Thirty Fac-similes of the different Signatures of the Emperor Napoleon, and a Sketch of the Events connected with them. By J. Sainsbury. Tilt.

NAPOLEON's writing was certainly not like what we are accustomed to call "an Italian

hand." A few lessons from Lewis or Carstairs would have been useful to him; few more illegible scrawls than most of the signatures in this curious collection never disgraced a school-boy. But what cared he for quills and ink? His were metallic pens; and in flowing blood were his characters formed. May they never serve as copies to succeeding generations!

Stanfield's Coast Scenery, Parts VI. and VII. Smith, Elder, and Co.

OF the eight subjects in these two Parts, England has furnished three, and France, five. They are all admirably treated; but "Hastings" is our favourite of the one class, and "Boulogne, with a wreck," of the other.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS: AN IMITATION.

THERE are very few bald heads in this house, and not a single red one. The Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Rutland, and Lord Poltimore (Sir Charles Bampfylde that was, a lineal descendant, it is said, of Bampfylde Moore Carew, the king of the beggars), are the three best dressed peers in the house. Lord Melbourne and Lord Brougham are among the most carelessly dressed; the former *rollicks* along most good-naturedly, with a penny ash stick, bought from some Jew-boy, in his hand. The present prime minister never wears gloves. Lord Brougham, for two or three winters last past, has always worn one pair of shepherd's plaid trousers: they were presented to him by some of the Yorkshire manufacturers. Lord Morpeth had a pair of the same material, given to him at the same time by the same parties; but he does not always wear them. In the House of Lords their lordships are not allowed to speak in a sitting posture, unless a motion be made and seconded, asking permission, on the ground of indisposition. The Duke of Cumberland, during the last two or three sessions, moved so frequently on behalf of Lord Wynford in this manner, that the practice had to be given over. The noble and learned lord procured a wedge-shaped seat, something like a writing-desk: this he slyly slips under him; and thus, half sitting, half standing, addresses the house: the seat being covered with crimson cloth, *en suite*, is rarely noticed. Lord Holland is the only other peer who is not able to speak standing. Water is the only beverage allowed within the house during debate. When the feelings of a peer are overcome, or his physical powers exhausted, one of the attendants enters with a glass of cold water, but does not personally present it to the peer for whom it is intended; one or other of his immediate friends advances, receives the glass from the attendant, and presents it to the speaking peer. When Earl Grey rose to make his farewell speech, he had nearly fainted once or twice, and was waited on in this way by Lord Durham, his son-in-law. Lord Brougham, on one of his furious nights of debate, while he was yet in possession of the woollack, drank freely out of a tumbler filled with a red and sparkling liquor; it was redder than brandy-and-water, cold-without, and more sparkling than port wine-and-water; nobody knew what it was, for it was understood that he brought in the glassful himself: it was, however, considered to be "medicine," as he had, a few nights before, said to Lord Londonderry, in debate, that "the noble marquess must have known he (Lord Brougham) was unwell, from his frequent leaving of the woollack; that, in short, the

noble marquess must have known, while in their lordships' house, he (Lord B.) was taking physic, and was obliged to retire in consequence."—The Earl of Shaftesbury is chairman of the committees of the house; it is a very troublesome situation, requiring great business habits; these his lordship possesses in a high degree. The unceremonious way in which he despatches business, contrasts singularly with the formal and frequently pompous manner of other peers. In the absence of the lord chancellor, or his *locum tenens* (for they have strangely done without a chancellor lately), Lord Shaftesbury takes his seat on the woollack, and receives bills from the Commons. On such occasions he walks down the centre of the house to the bar; one hand is generally in his pocket, and with the other he twirls his spectacles, just like the superintendent of a warehouse, or a dock clerk: he gets rapidly through business, and makes no mistakes. Lord Eldon was cold and rigid in his manner when he received bills from the Commons; Gifford, gentle and smiling; Lyndhurst, dignified; Brougham, scornful, save to old friends; Shadwell, painfully affable and courteous; Denman, dignified and easy: he officiated as lord chancellor at the prorogation of the last session, and had to receive the speech from the king, after the delivery thereof, as well as a small slip of paper, containing the words of the form of prorogation: this he had to read to the assembled peers. There is no doubt of it, the king was very distant that day to his ministers; he only spoke to Lord Melbourne once, and once to Lord Denman; the latter had begun to read the aforesaid form, when his majesty, in a rather imperative tone, said, "Pray speak out." It is not meant offensively, but Lord Denman for a moment put one in mind of a schoolboy. Lord Eldon has not been in his place, in the house, more than two or three times, during the last three sessions. Want of teeth, and the infirmities attendant on great age, render him almost inaudible as a speaker, except to those immediately around him; so that really little of what he has said in parliament for some years past has been understood by the public. His lordship, however, is still a wag; and the very last time he spoke in the house he must have indulged in this vein, for at many of his remarks the peers laughed heartily; but he was not heard in the gallery. On one occasion he was opposing with all his might some reform project, and supported his views by quoting the experience he had had: "My lords," said he, "I am an old man; I have lived long in the world—perhaps too long some of your lordships may think." The sarcastic manner in which he pronounced the last sentence, and the look he sent across the table to certain lords, produced an effect irresistibly comic. At another time, when the subject before the house was some Irish *row*, in which one or two persons were said to have been killed and others injured, some of the whig peers characterised it as a mere skirmish among a few boys. "Boys!" exclaimed Lord Eldon; "why, my lords, I have known stout Irish boys fifty years of age." On all nights of important debate, a great number of ladies attend; they are peeresses, daughters of peers, and their friends; they stay during the whole sitting of the house for the night. The Dowager Duchess of Richmond, Lady Jersey, the Dowager Countess of Glengall, Mrs. Lane Fox, &c. used to be constant in their attendance. They came about four o'clock in the afternoon, and have been known frequently to sit till two, three,

may, till four o'clock on the following morning. How they manage is best known to themselves; all the refreshment they appeared to have was lump-sugar and *eau de vie*—we beg pardon, *Cologne*. During the first year's debate on the reform bill, Lady Lyndhurst attended very constantly. On several nights the debate was protracted till a late, or rather an early hour; her ladyship, however, remained till the close, and went home in the carriage with his lordship. Lyndhurst himself was not very well at the time, and his speech, as well as Brougham's, was deferred night after night, to the annoyance of the strangers who had attended to witness the display of the champions of both parties. Owing, no doubt, to these continuous night-watchings, Lady Lyndhurst, towards the close of the third or fourth night, became completely exhausted; her beautiful and expressive Moorish features grew dull, heavy, and forbidding; her fine dark eyes lost all their lustre, and were frequently sealed in drowsy sleep. Lyndhurst, however, at last rose to speak; her lethargy fled in an instant, her countenance was lit up, as if by magic, and when her lord ironically alluded to Brougham's "swimming with the stream, and playing his gambols for a time on the surface," her ladyship appeared absolutely to choke, as if for joy. The allusion certainly produced a splendid effect in the house. As the ladies never muster strong except on the nights when important or stormy debates are expected, they have been nick-named *Mother Carey's chicken*. Taking the higher qualifications of a public speaker into account, the Bishop of Exeter is certainly the best in the house, whether lay, law, or clerical; we mean only, however, on important questions,—for on ordinary occasions he speaks with great looseness as to facts, which afterwards gives him much trouble to unsay or explain. This bishop is a skilful actor, and can well suit the action to the word. His speech in opposition to the bastardy clause of the Poor-law bill affords an instance of this. Brougham's whole soul was bound up in this measure, and the only opposition he really dreaded was from his lordship of Exeter. Brougham watched him as a cat watches a mouse. The bishop rose, and rose, too, close to the sack on which Brougham was sitting. In a speech fraught with apposite quotations from Scripture, and the opinions of sound English lawyers, he made a powerful impression against the provisions of what he termed an unnatural bill. He held a paper in his hand, which he unfolded, and read to the house; it contained an eloquent extract from Montesquieu in his support. Having read it, he turned round, flung the paper from him, as if in scorn, and said that he would not trouble their lordships with the sentiments of a *foreigner* on the law of nature, however much they might bear in his favour; he would appeal to their own honest English hearts. Brougham made a brilliant reply, certainly; but he did not meet the bishop on his own manor: he undoubtedly strove hard to shew that the poor erring creature of a mother ought to bear the burden of her error; but the whole of the pointed quotations from Holy Writ used by the Bishop of Exeter,—such as, he who provides not for his own, denies the faith, and is worse than an infidel, and others,—were left all unanswered. Why, there is one in Hebrews, "But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons," which, had it been used properly by the noble and learned lord, would have done well to settle the arguments drawn from Scripture by his right re-

verend opponent. One effect of Brougham's speech that night was this, that it drove the women from the house, and they never came back again during any of the debates on the same measure: he spoke so plainly about *lying in, &c.*, that they could not *stand it*. There are times when the organs of a government do not wish all they say on a particular question to go forth to the world; then their sentiments are expressed a *mezzo voce* across the table; and should daylight depart, the candles remain unlit. On one occasion, Lord Brougham spoke an hour, and more, in this manner, in the dark. It was on a bill providing for the more certain payment of alimony in such a case as the one between the Marquess of Westmeath and his lady: it was only from the fiery remarks of the noble marquess, in opposition to the bill, that a single sentence of the debate was understood in the gallery.

Their lordships' library is not extensive, and it is entirely one of reference. On the library-table of the old house there lay a couple of fashionable directories; in these the town-residence of a peer, who was supposed to have dirtied his fingers in some money transactions, was struck out, and "Old Bailey" inserted; in the other copy, "Debtor's-side, Newgate," was interpolated; and, thus altered, the court guides lay all the session on the table: "if they are not taken away they are there still." It was said that some of the young peers made the objectionable alterations by way of a "lark!"

DRAMA.

As the public care very little about what is still called "the drama" now, we daresay most people have forgotten the boasted opening of Drury Lane theatre, about two months ago, when it was proclaimed, with tout of trumpets, that the national stage was to be upheld in all its glory by the new management; that the first tragic and comic talents had been liberally secured; that Shakespeare, at any rate, and other standard authors, should have a fair trial; and that the sole claim of this House to the highest prices and the highest patronage was to rest on these legitimate grounds. Well, the vapour passed forth, and passed away. The best performers of the age have been utterly shelved; and Shakespeare, and the national drama, as entirely banished from recollection as if they had never existed. In their stead there has been the *Siege of Rochelle*, a respectable opera, played fifty-six nights in succession; and the *Jewess*, a heavy spectacle, between forty and fifty times; and a bad pantomime was in due season added to the score. Our distant readers may fancy that such a piece as the *Jewess*, for instance, could not run so successfully, and attract sufficient audiences, without possessing equivalent merit; but this is the mistake into which not only the distant, but the near spectators in London itself are misled by the unblushing system of false assertion and puffing. Through this there is, apparently, a *public voice of applause* bestowed upon the performance; which is, in fact, only the *voice of the play-bills*, magnified with glaring pictures coarsely representing the "unparalleled scenes" which are chosen to be puffed, multiplied upon every wall and blank space about town, and tolerably helped on by such of the newspaper press as can be cajoled or bribed into the disgraceful partisanship. This is the simple truth of the matter; and it is absolutely ludicrous to observe the disappointed hundreds, after being thus induced to visit Drury Lane, venting their astonishment and contempt at what has so mightily delighted all the rest

of the world—they never reflect that it is the ever flowing and changing multitude of our vast metropolis, gulled like themselves, who have made this supposititious world, and that this is the cunning of a trick which could succeed nowhere but in London.

Auber's fairy opera, at length, on Tuesday, superseded the *Siege of Rochelle*; and to shew the absolute impossibility of any thing being done here without some paltry attempt at imposture, it is declared in the bills, in large letters, to be "FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THIS COUNTRY" (having been produced at minor theatres, and acted during a fortnight at Covent Garden); while it is added, in a parenthesis of very small letters, so as not to be seen without close inspection, "on the same scale of splendour which characterises the productions of this theatre!" Theatres were always addicted to what they call *gagging* the public; but the wholesale effrontery now practised, beats all former precedent to nothing: "the same scale of splendour"! why the whole equipment of the *Jewess* did not cost near so much as the newspapers were instructed to say was paid for the armour in Paris (where that piece is truly got up on a splendid and correct scale), and the courtiers in Cologne, three centuries ago, wear the coronets, &c. which were splendid enough to grace the coronation of George the Fourth. With regard to the *Bronze Horse*, it is a showy affair, with some pleasant music, chiefly borrowed from the composer's previous works. It might properly be denominated, from its best character, *Tsing Sing*, were it not for its being almost a continued succession of *Ballet Ballet*. It is, however, though altogether a very indifferent affair, lighter than its precursors; and, consequently, less tiresome; and with Miss Shirreff, H. Cawse, Phillips, Templeton, Seguin, Duruset, very well in its place and turn, for a few nights' change, as an entertainment. It consequently deserves the bill notice of being *another* of "the greatest hits ever made," and to be "received with shouts of laughter," throughout (even the serious parts?) just as *Whittington's Cat*, on the same unbiassed authority, "continues to be received with unabated shouts of laughter." Surely people ought to encase their ribs and fortify their diaphragms, before they expose themselves to so much exhausting and dangerous cachinnation. For our own parts, we have seen these things, and are enabled to resist the temptation.

Covent Garden.—During this week Covent Garden has taken a higher stand, and aimed at more legitimate objects than hitherto. Charles Kemble played *Charles the Second* on Saturday; and was well supported in that popular drama. On Monday we had *William Tell*, the hero personated by its author; *Emma*, his wife, by Mrs. W. West, and the other parts very fairly done. The house was crowded; and, on Tuesday, *The Hunchback*, still more effectively cast, was performed; for though we, in common with others, feel the force of Knowles's *William Tell*, he has too little of the artist about him to be able to sustain the whole weight of a play, like a Macready. In the *Hunchback* he is not so single and so prominent: C. Kemble's *Sir Thomas Clifford* is a fine piece of acting; and Miss Helen Faucit made a most impressive *début* in the part of *Julia*. We have seen this young lady on a smaller stage, and could augur nothing but success from her efforts whenever she should be brought forward in a larger theatre, and in the presence of more numerous spectators. She has every requisite for her profession; and on this her first appearance,

shewed us not only what she is capable of attaining, but what she can do, with no faults that require even the admonition of the critic, for they are merely such as a little practice, and her own good taste and judgment, will correct. Miss Taylor played her original and lively *Helen*, and Mr. Osbaldiston succeeded Abbott in *Modus*, without causing us much regret, though his predecessor was so peculiarly happy in realising that fickle cousin. Mr. Pritchard was an excellent *Lord Tinsel*; and Mr. J. Webster, all that *Master Wilford* could be. The success of the whole was so decided, that the *Hunchback* is repeated every night with the amusing levities of the Pantomime. These rational and seasonable entertainments being, let us observe, about half the price of the other theatre! a wonderful difference, in these days, where there are families of children to be gratified with theatrical sight-seeing.

English Opera House.—The *Deserted Mill*, Mr. Buckingham's imitations in a *Chip of the Old Block*, and the clever harlequinade of *Ride a Cock Horse*, are tending to fulfil the entertainments here to the satisfaction of nightly crowds; and, as the term of the present management, we perceive, lasts only a few nights longer, the curious ought to *Ride a Cock Horse* as soon as they can.

Adelphi.—A *Ghost Story*, by Mr. Serle, has been produced here, and possesses some interest as well as whimsicality. It is, however, too complicated for the sort of piece one wants for a mere hour's pastime; and though well performed by the new actress, Mrs. Stirling, O. Smith, Buckstone, &c. it has not done more than pass muster.

St. James's Theatre.—A *House Divided*, written by Mr. Haines, the performer, though prejudiced by the silly fashion in which the *dramatis personæ* are announced in the bills, is a vaudeville of considerable merit, amusing, and well cast. Mr. Strickland, Mr. Forester, Mr. and Mrs. Selby, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Barnett, Mr. Gardner, and the clever little Miss Allison, keep up the ball famously. The *Waterman*, with Braham as *Tom Tug*, and Mrs. Garrick, an admirable *Mrs. Bundle*, has also been brought forward with great effect and success.

The Queen's One too Many (we are surprised that, agreeably to the facetious fashion of the bills, it was not announced 1 2 many) is novelty the first here since the theatre opened at Christmas with four novelties. If rapidity of change constitute desert, who would ask for more?

VARIETIES.

Leland's Prizes of Astronomy have this year been conferred, by the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, on our countryman Mr. Dunlop, of the Observatory of New South Wales, and on M. Boguslawski, of the Observatory at Breslaw.

Mr. T. L. Donaldson, author of the work, an "Account of Doorways in Greece and Italy," has received the silver medal of the Parisian Société Libre des Beaux Arts.

Shows.—The Americans beat us hollow as to Exhibitions; we find the following spectacle announced in the *New York Courier* of the 9th ult.: "Grand moving panorama of the moon, painted on upwards of one thousand feet of canvass, being a brilliant illustration of the scientific observations made by the most eminent astronomers of the surface of the moon, shewing its various mountains, volcanoes, lakes, rivers, &c.; to which will be added, the reported Lunar Observations of Sir John Herschel, in

which will be seen the inhabitants, animals, birds, forests, &c., with their natural motions to resemble life. Order of the scenes:—1. The Deluge. 2. Lunar Discoveries. 3. Storm and Shipwreck. 4. Beautiful Italian Scenes. 5. Conflagration of Moscow."

Reeve's benefit is announced in the same paper for the 14th, when he was to perform *Cupid*; and just beside it a Benefit for "Old Barnes," "the part of *Jane Shore*, by my daughter Charlotte (a native of New York)!"

Aqua Tophana.—In Mirabeau's Life, &c. just published, it is stated, that the famous subtle, certain, and slow-consuming Neapolitan poison, called *aqua tophana*, is composed of opium and cantharides.

Population of Austria.—The births in the Austrian dominions (Hungary and its dependencies excepted) have been 5,400,132 in the last seven years; deaths, 4,778,546; excess, 621,586. In the year 1834 alone the births were, 814,389; deaths, 645,767; increase, 168,622.

Roman History.—Another of Mr. Bett's Boxes (see last *Literary Gazette*) is now before us, consisting of one of his games for the diffusion of useful knowledge. This, devoted to Roman history, consists of well chosen questions and answers, and is played with cards, contrived for the purpose, and counters. All these plans to induce the young to acquire information, are deserving of encouragement.

"My lord, beware of jealousy;" so says Iago; and we would add, my lady, also, beware of jealousy, if we may credit the newspaper account of a recent tragedy in the Theatre Valle, at Naples, where we are told a singer, of the name of Gambriaci, threw a crown upon the head of her rival, Marina, with such fatal effect, that, being of solid bronze, it killed her instantly on the stage.

Meteorology.—The *Shipping Gazette*, a new journal, states, that the winter has set in with unusual severity in Newfoundland, and that the tides had risen higher, and the sea swept the coast more violently, than during the last forty years.

Mount Vesuvius, it is stated in recent letters, threatens a new eruption, from two openings on the side of the great crater.

The Earl of Munster has been elected a Corresponding Member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, by the French Institute. His lordship was previously a Corresponding Member of the Roy. Acad. de la Historia, of Madrid.

Erratum.—The *Paris Advertiser*, of December 27, after mentioning the deaths of the Duke of Litta and his daughter, informs us, that "both were to be entered at Milan!"

The Gray Phalarope (*Phalaropus lobatus*).—A specimen of this bird, so rarely seen in the British isles, was recently found in a state of exhaustion near Watford. Its appearance so far south of its usual latitudes, indicates (as many other natural phenomena have this season done) a severe winter.

The Heiress and her Suitors.—A new round game for holiday times, and one of the most amusing we have seen. The happy result of catching the heiress in the centre, depends upon lucky chance, as it generally does in life. The players eight, or a smaller number, take their places as the figures on the tee-totum direct, and whether peer, soldier, sailor, parson, doctor, lawyer, squire, or dandy, succeed, as the fates direct, and win the game. We have seen a young party highly entertained with it, and can well recommend this toy-box to favour.

Transfusion.—A celebrated biblioplist in

the west-end of the town, as estimable for his kind and social qualities as he is eminent in his profession, dining the other day with a customer, a gentleman, who never allows the bottle to be stationary, suddenly exclaimed to his host—"Why, you are emptying your wine-cellar into your book-seller!"

M. Boettiger, the distinguished German Archaeologist, has lately paid the debt of nature, at an advanced age. He was one of the earliest foreign correspondents to our *Literary Gazette*, and many of our volumes are enriched by his valuable contributions. M. Boettiger's learning and devoted application ranked him among the most eminent scholars of an eminent period in Germany.

Life Insurance in Ceylon.—At a time when the theory of insurances, and the conduct of some of the offices, excite so much public attention, we may point to a paper in a recent Asiatic Magazine, where the tremendous pressure of the system upon assurances for tropical climates is demonstrated from government returns. The system is obviously most unjust and oppressive towards a very numerous class of our countrymen, who are, from circumstances, the most desirous to provide honourably against the casualties of life.

At a meeting of the Philosophical Society, Dr. Clark, president, in the chair:—A communication by Mr. Potter, of Queen's College, was read, containing an explanation of the rainbow on the doctrine of interferences, and referring especially to the supernumerary bows, often seen within vivid displays of the rainbow, near its summit. It was shewn, that such additional bands would accompany the primary bow if the drops were of approximately equal size, and that the circumstances usually observed would be accounted for by supposing the rain-drops of the diameter of 1-72 of an inch. The same considerations account for the supernumerary bows being seen near the summit of the bow only, since the drops, as they fall lower, coalesce and become larger; and the white fog-bows, which are often seen, would result from very minute drops, of the diameter, perhaps, of one-thousandth of an inch. Afterwards a communication was read from C. Darwin, Esq. containing a notice that certain animals (lizards, &c.) which are oviparous in certain districts of South America, as they are in this country, are viviparous in the province of Mendoza, which he visited. Mr. Darwin also gave an account of red snow observed by him in the road from St. Jago de Chili to Mendoza by the Portello-pass, and of a microscopical examination of the substance.—*Oxford Herald*.

Tabule Anenolica. (Publisher, J. Weale).—Under this title we have received No. I. of a new method of registering the direction of the wind, with all its variations, indicating the upper and lower currents, &c. It is the work of Mr. W. R. Birt, and, as far as we are enabled to judge, a very acceptable contribution towards cultivating a branch of observation which claims great interest and attention.

The Portfolio. Nos. I., II., and III. (Ridgways).—A selection and collection of foreign state papers, without which the history of our times cannot be understood; and which are far too much neglected by English readers and the public. The supply of this desideratum is worthy of every encouragement; and we trust that it will not be allowed to run into party politics. Already the comments seem to be very strong—the simple documents, with illustrative notes, would better fulfil the prospectus.

An Englishman named Hamy has just

presented to the museum of Boulogne a rare and curious medal, struck at the period of the projected expedition of Napoleon against England. On one side the inscription "Napoleon, Empereur," round the head of Napoleon, encircled with a wreath of laurels. On the reverse, the inscription, "Descente en Angleterre," and Hercules pressing in his arms a figure, half man and half fish; exergue, "Frappée à Londres en 1804."—*Paris Advertiser*.

The communes of St. Maude, Vincennes, and Charonne, on the outskirts of Paris, are now amply supplied with water from the Seine by steam-engines.—*Ibid.*

Newton and Laplace.

To England first God did his goodness prove,
Then to fair France he deigned to shew his love.
Newton he form'd to give mankind a light;
Laplace to make the flame burn still more bright.

W. P.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

A new edition of Gifford's Poetical Translation of Juvenal's Satires, with Notes, Index, &c., by Dr. Nuttall.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Diary of the Wreck of H.M.S. Challenger on the Western Coast of South America; with an Account of the Encampment of the Crew on the South Coast of Chili, with plates. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth.—A Brief Memoir of Sir William Blizard, Knt., by William Cooke. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Transactions of the Zoological Society of London, Vol. I., Part IV., 34s. coloured; 24s. plain.—*Scriptural Views of the Doctrine of the Atonement*; a Discourse at the Unitarian Chapel, Ipswich, by J. Ketley, the late Pastor. 8vo. 1s. sewed.—*The Missionary Palmetto*, 32mo. 2s. cloth.—*Christian Ornithologist*: a Description of various British and Foreign Birds, &c., 32mo. 3s. cloth.—*David's Popular View of Atheism*, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—*Pilot's Churchman's Guide in Perilous Times*, 12mo. 3s. cloth.—*Memoir of the Rev. H. Gauntlett, Vicar of Olney*, by Catherine T. Gauntlett. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—*Abbot's Every Day Duty*; Sketches of Childish Character, &c., 18mo. 1s. cloth.—*A Collection of English Sonnets*, by R. F. Housman, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—*Bible Prayer Book*, 18mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—*Continental Gleanings*, by J. R. Planché; with Drawings, by Tomkins and Cooper, folio. No. 1, 6s.—*Yearly Journal of Trade*, 1836, edited by C. Pope, 4to. 10s. 6d. cloth.—*General Laws relating to the Revenue of Excise*, 18mo. 2s. 3d. cloth.—*Bills of Costs, Hilary Term, 1836*, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cloth.—*Rev. C. Bridge's Christian Ministry*, 4th edition, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*Letters on Spiritual Subjects*, by the late S. E. Pierce, 3rd edition, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. cloth.—*The Self-Confessed*; a Romance, by the Author of "The Lollards," &c., 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.—*Reminiscences of a Literary Life*, by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—*Remarks on the Unity of the Body*, by George MacLachlan, 8vo. 6s. bds.—*A Practical Treatise on Urethritis and Syphilis*, by W. H. Judd, 8vo. with 24 coloured plates, 25s. bds.—*Milton's Paradise Lost*, 2 vols. (Tilt's miniature edition), 3s. cloth.—*The Truant Scholar*; Kate Rivers; and the Blind Girl and her Teacher, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cloth.—*Short Stories*, in Words of One Syllable, square, 1s. 6d. cloth.—*Grandma's Grammaire Royale Française*, 8vo. 10s. cloth.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1835-1836.

December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday, 31 January, 1836.	From 20 to 33	30.23 to Stat.
Friday . . . 1	25 . . . 33	30.21 . . . 30.40
Saturday . . . 2	7 . . . 29	30.53 . . . 30.52
Sunday . . . 3	29 . . . 41	30.42 . . . 30.31
Monday . . . 4	39 . . . 49	30.14 . . . 30.11
Tuesday . . . 5	41 . . . 51	30.13 . . . 30.19
Wednesday . . 6	41 . . . 47	30.15 . . . 30.11

Prevailing winds S.E. and S.W.; except the 31st ult., generally cloudy; a little snow on the morning of the 1st, and evening of the 2d instant; a little rain on the mornings of the 4th and 6th.

Rain fallen .025 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Y. M. D. alias A. E. D. is thanked; but we must pass to the order of the day; on the lines: apropos, what are the feelings expressed to do with the Cards sent? Are they all hearty?

ERATUM.—In the notice of "Petit Théâtre de la Jeunesse," No. 989, page 9, col. 3, line 17, for "beautiful effect," read "beneficial effect."

ADVERTISEMENTS,

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